St. *Cyprian's*
DESCRIPTION
OF THE
PAGAN AGE.
In a
DISCOURSE
TO HIS
FRIEND DONATUS.

Render'd into Engliſh Metre from the Latin Original.

By WILLIAM TUNSTAL, Gent.

During his Confinement in the MARSHALSEA.

The Fifth Edition.

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THE PREFACE.

WHEN I *first came into the* Marſhalſea, *I was ſurpris'd with a Viſit from a* * Lady, *and one of that* Sort *too, who are ſeldom found Conſtant, when either* Age *is at the* Heels, *or Misfortunes, have overtaken their* Admirers: *And indeed, when my* Muſe *was ſo kind, after a long Separation, to offer her ſelf a Companion in my* Troubles, *I could not without Ingratitude, but reſume the kind natur'd* Girl *into my Boſom, and accept the good Offices ſhe was ready to perform.*

The good Creature, *to ſmooth the* Shagreen *of* Impriſonment, *and renew, in my Mind, our former* Amours, *made it her Buſineſs to endear me to her by ſome gay Amuſements in* Rhyme *and as, ſhe was never ill-natur'd, I hope her* Ballads *gave no Offence to the* Town.

* My Muſe.

When she had thus sweeten'd me up, and taken off the Sowrness of Grey Hairs *and* Restraint, *she embrac'd me in her Arms, and, with a kind, tho' unwonted Gravity, said,* Prithee, *my Dear,* Let us at last, give over these Fooleries, and employ our Thoughts in something more serious —— I must needs own, *continu'd She,* when twenty Years had rais'd thee up to *Manhood,* and the Streams of *Life* began to flow from the rapid Source of *Youth,* I let thee run on thro' those purling and noisy *Trifles,* which are, generally, the Effect of the first Eruptions of *Fancy*: But since, now, thy *Current* is derived to the deep and muddy *Flats* of *Sixty,* a more silent and steddy Course, will become *Thee*; especially at an *Age,* when the *Tides* of *Time* are flowing in upon *Thee,* and thou art just *Ebbing* into the *Ocean* of *Eternity.*

As I was charm'd with her Sincerity, *so I was easily guided by her Perswasion, and, after I had craved her* Assistance, *I determin'd to finish this Piece out of St.* Cyprian, *which I had, some Time ago, begun.*

The Original *is in* Prose, *but admirably* (*I had like to have said* Poetically) *fine:* Erasmus *calls it an* Epistle, *of a, more than ordinary, elaborate* Stile, *and writ, as were, out of* Ostentation: *St.* Austin (*after he has quoted that Sentence, where he describes an* Arbour) *falls into Raptures, and cries out,* What a wonderful Affluence of unbounded *Eloquence* is here? *Tho' at the same Time, he condemns it in a* Christian Writer; *because,* says he, *That frothy and ambitious Circumlocution is, for the most Part, employ'd in adorning low and mean* Thoughts; *a* Dress *which ought never to be worn by solid and sublime* Conceptions. *He adds, that St.* Cyprian *writ this on Purpose,*

to ſhew (in his following Works) that he could wean *himſelf from this licentious* Redundancy *of Words, and adhere to that Modeſty, Simplicity and Gravity of* Stile, *which, every where elſe, he ſo ſtedfaſtly loves, ſo religiouſly obſerves, and ſo elaborately performs*: Qua propter, iſte Vir Sanctus & poſſe ſe oſtendit ſic dicere, quia dixit alicubi, & nolle, quoniam poſtmodo nunquam: *For which Reaſon, that* holy Man, *writ this, to ſhew that he* Could *do it, becauſe he did it* Once, *and that he would* Not *do it, becauſe he did it* No *where elſe.*

But, how unfit ſoever this ſumptuous Apparel may be for that neat and decent Simplicity, which becomes a Divine, We, *of the* Grub-ſtreet Tribe, *are fond of Bombaſt; and are very often forc'd to conceal the Deformities of a* Muſe, *under the Pretext of* Hoops *and* Furbeloes. *But in this Epiſtle, St.* Cyprian *hath ſet forth all the Strength and Comlineſs of* Reaſon, *in the gayeſt Ornaments of* Fancy *and* Diction, *and I am afraid my* Reader *will find I have only ſtript him of his eaſy, flowing, and magnificent* Robes, *to Lace him up in a ſtreight and pinching* Jerkin, *and whoever will be at the Pains to read the* Original, *will quickly condemn me both of Raſhneſs and Folly, till I have whiſper'd him in the Ear, that I did it purely to divert my ſelf in my* Confinement, *and for Subſiſtence, to ſupport me againſt the vaſt Expences of a* Jayl. *It prov'd indeed, a very hard* Tugg, *and conſidering how many* Steps *a Man muſt aſcend, before he can come up to the Sublimity of my* Author, *a Perſon of* Sixty Years *might, with juſt as much Hopes of* Gain *have propos'd to get a* Livelyhood, *by ſhewing the* Monument (*for a Penny a Time*) *when he was not able to* Climb *to the* Top, *above* twice *in a Day.*

But

But when I was once ſtarted *(Pardon the Metaphor, I am a* Yorkſhire-man*) I was aſham'd to give out in the Midſt of the* Race; *for, when* Neceſſity *ſpurs, a Man* muſt *run on, tho' he is out of* Breath, *like a young* Jocky, *who* will *purſue an* ill *Match, tho' the* Odds *are Ten to One againſt him: My* Author *indeed, at firſt Sight, ſeems only to go a* Foot-pace, *but he treads on with ſuch a nervous* Stroke, *that he kept me perpetually at* Full Speed; *and, even ſo, I could ſeldom ſave my* Diſtance, *and, very often, was almoſt out of Sight.*

But, ſuch as it is, I have ventur'd to releaſe it from the Marſhalſea, *and give it the Liberty of the* Streets.

Hei mihi! Quod Domino ——

This Hint out of Ovid *puts me in Mind of that unlucky* Poet, *and (by way of* Excuſe, *for my ill Performance) bids me produce* Him *as an Inſtance, how hard it is to ſoar, when a Man is depreſs'd with a* Burthen *of Misfortunes; for tho' he carry'd his* Muſe *along with him, to* Pontus, *yet his* Exile *hung ſo heavy upon him, that the moſt Part of his* Elegies *(without Punning upon the Word* TRISTIBUS*) were very* ſad *ones.*

I thought to have printed the Latin Proſe, *on one ſide, and the* Verſion *on the other, but, beſides that it would have made the Impreſſion more expenſive)* Modeſty *forbad me; for a Man who had* Front *enough to do that, might, with the ſame* Impudence, *ſet up an* Ill Copy *in the ſame Room with one of Sir* Godfrey's Originals.

PREFACE.

I ſhall only venture to ſubjoyn to this Preface, *Three or Four Sentences, as a Specimen of St.* Cyprian's *Stile, and then, ſit down and* Bluſh *for what comes Behind.*

ARBOUR.

Dant ſeceſſum vicina ſecreta, ubi dum Erratici Palmitum lapſus, nexibus pendulis, per Arundines Bajulas repunt, viteam Porticum frondea tecta fecerunt.

WAR.

Madet Orbis mutuo Sanguine; & Homicidium, cum admittunt ſinguli, Crimen eſt; Virtus vocatur cum publice geritur.

GLADIATORS.

Homo occiditur in Hominis voluptatem, &, ut quis poſſit occidere Peritia eſt, Uſus eſt, Ars eſt; Scelus non tantum, geritur ſed & docetur.

COMEDIES.

Adulterium diſcitur, dum videtur; &, Lenocinante ad Vitia publicæ Auctoritatis malo, quæ pudica fortaſſe ad Spectaculum *Matrona* proceſſerat, de Spectaculo revertitur impudica.

JUDICATURE.

Inter Leges ipſas delinquitur, inter Jura peccatur; Innocentia nec illic, ubi defenditur, reſervatur; ſævit invicem Diſcordantinm Rabies, & inter Togas Pace rupta, forum Litibus mugit inſanum —— *Qui* ſedet Crimina vindicaturus, admittit; & ut Reus Innocens pereat, fit nocens Judex.

The

The MISER.

Non Cibus ſecuro Somnusve contingit: Suſpirat ille in Convivio, bibat licet Gemmas; & cum Epulis marcidum Corpus Torus mollior alto ſinu condiderit, vigilat in Pluma.

CROWN'D HEADS.

An tu vel illos putas tutos, illos ſaltem inter Honorum Inſulas & Opes largas ſtabili Firmitate ſecuros, quos regalis Aulæ ſplendore fulgentes, armorum excubantium tutela circumſtat? Major illis quam cæteris metus eſt: Tam ille timere cogitur, quam timetur —— Ante ipſos terret Poteſtas ſua, quos facit eſſe terribiles; Quam ſecuros non ſinit eſſe Subjectos, tam neceſſe eſt, non ſit, & ipſe, ſecurus.

W——T——

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Sc.

St. CYPRIAN

TO

DONATUS.

DONATUS, You, as opportunely, ask,
As I am willing to resume the Task;
Both *Time* and *Place*, with your Request, Conspire,
And *Nature* seems to second your Desire;
When the *Vindemial* Festivals appear
To crown with Plenty the declining Year,
T' unbend the Mind, and relevate our Care.

Nor is the *Place* leſs grateful than the *Day*,
With *Joys* unmix'd, to chaſe the Time away;
When ripen'd Gardens all their Charms Diſpenſe,
T' allure the Fancy, and oblige the Senſe:
When balmy *Zephyr*, on his ſpangl'd Wings,
The fragrant Gales of Weſtern Odours brings;
And *Flora*, deck'd in all her full-blown Sweets,
The kind Approaches of *Autumnus* meets.

Here, a Retreat our vacant Hours may find,
With ſolid Precepts to inſtruct the Mind,
To entertain it with a pious Feaſt,
And breath our *Souls* into each others *Breaſt*.

And, that our Converſation may be free
From the rude Clamours of the Family;
That no profane By-ſtanders may intrude,
Let us retire into the Neighb'ring Wood;
Where, cool, and free from Noiſe, we may recline
Beneath the Umbrage of yon ſhady Vine;

Whoſe

Whoſe graſping *Tendrels* round their Props aſcend,
And, o'er our Heads, in verdant Wreaths, impend;
On ev'ry Side the wandring *Branches* ſtray,
To intercept the *Sun*, and cool the Day,
Each twiſted *Scion* to each other cleaves,
And, by a nat'ral Intertexture, weaves
A Houſe of *Branches*, and a Roof of *Leaves*.

'Tis pleaſant, here, our Studies to collate;
And, whilſt our *Eyes* the *Proſpects* recreate;
A double Pleaſure does the *Soul* invite,
The *Ear* inſtructs *her*, and the *Eyes* delight.

But you contemn the gawdy Shew of Flow'rs,
The ſhady *Poplars* and the leafy *Bow'rs*;
On me your Eyes are fix'd—— Your only Care
Is, to imbibe the Documents you hear,
With eager *Mind*, and *Looks* attent you watch,
And ev'ry *Accent*, as it falls, you catch.

But what, *DONATUS*, from my *Tongue* can flow,
Or fit, for me to ſpeak, or you to know?
My *Soil* no Flow'rs of *Rhet'rick* can emit;
So dry my Fancy, ſo jejune my Wit!
Nor, from my barren *Genius*, can you hope
To reap the Plenty of a fruitful Crop.
Yet, ſince the Nature of my *Theme* conſpires
To aid my Wants, and favour your Deſires,
I will begin ——

In the Contentious Wrangles of the *Bar*,
Let the vain *Pleaders*, with affected Care,
The noiſy Pomp of *Eloquence* prefer:
But, when of *God*, and Things Divine, we preach,
Plain be our Diction, and *ſincere* our Speech;
Thoſe *Arguments* that muſt our Faith convince,
Reſt not on labour'd *Words*, but nervous *Senſe*,

Hear then, *DONATUS*, and attend my *Song*,
Not *big* with bombaſt *Eloquence*, but *ſtrong*;

Not

Not daub'd with *Paint*, nor proud with borrow'd
Dreſs,
T' allure the Favour of the *Populace*,
But with Divine, and ſimple *Truths*, array'd,
Plain to the *View*, but pow'rful to perſwade;
Hear, what's perceiv'd before it can be taught
Not gain'd by Study, or by Labours ſought,
But, by a ſuddain Flaſh of quick'ning *Grace*, is
wrought.

When I, in *Fogs*, and gloomy Night, was loſt,
And o'er the World's tempeſtuous *Billows* toſt;
Oppreſt with *Errour*, ſenſeleſs of my State,
I blindly wander'd, and indulg'd my *Fate*:
Then I, (ſuch was my *Ignorance*!) believ'd,
What *God* had promis'd, could not be atchiev'd;
That, by no *Energy* of Saving *Pow'r*,
Man could become, what *Man* was not before;
Nor, by Immerſion in the ſacred *Bowl*,
Could be repleniſh'd with a new-born *Soul*;

Could

Could riſe, regenerate, from *Death* and *Sin*,
The ſame *without*, but chang'd, all o'er *within*

How is it poſſible, ſaid I? how ſtrange,
Is ſuch a ſpeedy and effectual *Change*?
What ſecret *Virtue* can thoſe *Crimes* diſpel,
Which Fleſh and Blood have render'd natural?
Fix'd, by Connivance, in their harden'd Seat,
And, by *Preſcription*, grown inveterate.

Deep, in my Soul, this Prejudice was lay'd:
What Mortal Man, ſaid I, to Plenty bred,
Can quit the *Luxury* of *Feaſts* and *Wine*,
To drink cold *Water*, and on *Roots* to dine?
What *pamper'd* Monarch can himſelf depoſe
From uſe of *Purple* and embroider'd *Cloaths*?
He ſtruts in *Crimſon*, daub'd with Golden Lace,
And ſcorns the homely, courſe, Plebeian *Dreſs*.
Inur'd to *Paraſites*, and fawning *Knaves*,
To Crouds of *Fav'rites*, and obſequious *Slaves*,

He hates to quit the Hurry of the Town,
And dreads the very Thoughts of be'ng *alone*.
The gloomy *Solitude* no Pleaſure grants,
His *Friends* are vaniſh'd, and his *Pimps* he wants;
His Vice, muſt ſtill, be fed with freſh Delight,
Ambition, *Rapine*, *Pride*, and *Luſt* invite,
Rage muſt inflame, and *Drunkenneſs* incite.

This, often, in my Boſom, I revolv'd,
Yet ſtill continu'd blind, and unreſolv'd;
For tho' the Horrors of a vicious Life
Rais'd in my *Breaſt* a conſcientious Striſe;
Yet to my *Bent* ſo ſtrictly was I ty'd,
So! were we, by long Uſe, become ally'd.
That, void of *Hopes*, I deſp'rately went on,
And pamper'd *Vice* as my own darling *Son*.
But when the Sacred expiating * Streams
Had cleans'd my Boſom and atton'd my Crimes;
When, from above, an Heav'nly Ray was ſhot,
Which a regenerated Soul Begot;

* *Baptiſm.*

Then

Then did new *Light*, new *Faith*, themſelves diſcloſe,
And I, new-born, from *Sin* and *Darkneſs* roſe:
My *Fears* then vaniſh'd, and my *Doubts* were clear'd,
And what before ſeem'd difficult and hard,
Now, eaſy, plain, and evident, appear'd.
Thus Human *Faculties*, that owe their Birth,
To the Corruptions of Polluted *Earth*,
Are prone to *Malice*, and to *Vice* inclin'd;
But the bright *Virtues*, that adorn the Mind,
Diſpos'd to good, a nobler *Birth-right* boaſt,
Begot, and nouriſh'd, by the *Holy Ghoſt*.

DONATUS, you, as well as I, can tell
What happy Changes, in our Souls befel,
When they, from *Errors* cleans'd, did firſt begin
To live to *Virtue*, and to die to *Sin*.
You know, —— Nor vainly do I this relate,
Or, to ourſelves, the Glory arrogate:

For when our *Weakneſs* is declar'd,
And all our Conqueſts are to *Heav'n* referr'd,
We can't be deemed inſolent, or proud;
'Tis not *Preſumption*, but our *Gratitude*.
From *God*'s diſpenſing Bounty 'tis, we *move*,
Have Pow'r to *Live*, to *Act*, to *Hope*, to *Love*
His is the Vigour, and the *Grace* is *His*,
If, whilſt on Earth, enlighten'd Mankind ſees
Sure Indications of his future *Bliſs*.
Sure! —— If a watchful *Fear* ſtands at the *Door*,
To guard and keep his *Innocence* ſecure;
That, whilſt within his hoſpitable *Breaſt*,
He feaſts and entertains his *Heav'nly Gueſt*,
No raſh *Security* may make him grow
Remiſs, and re-admit his ancient *Foe*.

But if in *Virtue*'s Path you perſevere,
And, ſtill to what you have begun, adhere;
Then, as the Heav'nly *Benefits* encreaſe,
Grow, ſtill more bold, for larger *Portions*, preſs;

The *Liberty* advanceth with the Store,
The *more* you have, you ſtill may ask for *more*.
Nor are they like terreſtrial *Gifts*, confin'd
Within the Compaſs of a narrow *Mind*;
But, ſtill *beneficent*, no Boundry's know,
Are always *permanent*, and always *flow*;
With *Tides* of *Bliſs* inceſſantly they rowl,
At once repleniſh, and enlarge the Soul.
Pure only be thoſe *Veſſels*, which we bring,
Our *Thirſt* to ſatiate at this ſacred *Spring*,
And each, his due proportion'd Bounty hath,
According to the *Meaſure* of his *Faith*.

Hence 'tis we draw ſpecifick *Balm* of *Truth*,
T' expel the *Rancour* of our poiſon'd *Youth*;
To purge the *Frenzy* of a wilder'd Brain,
Reſtore its *Reaſon*, and dilute the *Stain*;
The *Veil* withdrawn, our Souls become all clear;
New Scenes of *Virtue*, *Love* and *Peace* appear;
Our *Looks* are modeſt, and our *Words* ſincere.

Hence

Hence we derive that exoreiſing Pow'r,
Unclean and wand'ring *Spirits* to *conjure*,
To diſpoſſeſs them of the *Holds* they gain,
In the deluded Souls of captiv'd *Men*.
With *Stripes* we urge them, and with *Fire* we burn,
And, by *Increaſe* of *Pain*, force their Return;
The vanquiſh'd *Fiends*, with Shame deſcend below,
And *howl*, and *hiſs*, and *murmur*, as they go.

Great are theſe *Wonders*! But the Pow'rs above,
From human Eyes, th' Efficient Cauſe remove;
For tho' Celeſtial *Rays* of *Virtue* ſhine
All o'er the Soul, and render it divine,
Yet, whilſt we, here remain attach'd to Earth,
And ſhare the Imperfections of our Birth,
Still, gloomy *Fogs*, from *Fleſh* and *Blood*, will riſe,
To cloud the *Reaſon* and obſcure the *Eyes*.

How great, *Donatus*, and what Sov'reign *Rule*,
Attends a pure and expiated *Soul*!

Not only, thus the *Malice* to oppoſe
Of Carnal *Treaſons*, and Inteſtine *Foes*,
But with undaunted Courage, to repel,
The grand *Alliance* of the *World* and *Hell*.

But to demonſtrate more theſe *Gifts* divine,
And make the *Truth* in brighter Colours ſhine,
I'll from the *World*, withdraw the Shades of Night,
And lay its *Follies* open to the Sight.
Stripp'd of its *Honours*, and alluring *Dreſs*,
The cheating *Viſard*, and the painted *Face*;
How *monſtrous* will the naked *Idol* ſeem,
How little worth our *Incenſe* or *Eſteem*?

Imagine then, *Donatus*, now we ſtand
Upon ſome vaſt exalted *Point* of *Land*;
Whence, free from the *Contagions* of the *Age*,
We may behold the miſerable *Stage*;
And all around, extend the boundleſs *Eye*,
And the wide *Compaſs* of the *World* deſcry.

A gen'rous *Pity*, then, will fill your *Mind*.
To view the wretched *State* of human *Kind*,
Floating on *Waves*, and hurry'd down the *Tyde*,
With *Shelves* and *Sands* beſet on ev'ry Side;
Whilſt you (tho' ſtill with *Horrour* in your *Looks*)
Will view the *Dangers* paſt, and diſmal *Rocks*,
And, doubly grateful, bleſs th' Almighty *Pow'r*,
Which, thus, has plac'd you ſafe upon the *Shore*.

A Deſcription of the Pagan-Age.

WAR.

See! How the *Globe* beneath *Oppreſſion* grieves;
Seas fill'd with *Pyrates*, and the *Roads* with *Thieves*:
Contending *Armies* o'er the *Fields* are ſpread,
Imbru'd with *Blood*, and cover'd with the *Dead*.
Slaughter, and *Horrour* ev'ry where abounds,
For widen'd *Empires*, or diſputed *Crowns*:
Murder, when *ONE* commits it, is a *Crime*,
But *Crowds* add *Sanction*, *Merit*, and *Eſteem*.
The *poor Offender* is to Judgment led,
Whilſt the ſucceſsful *Villain* (that can tread

On Regal *Purple*, and inſult the *Laws*)
Is crown'd with *Diadems* and loud *Applauſe*;
And, to *Impunity*, the beſt Pretence,
Is not the ſacred Plea of *Innocence*,
But ſome *extravagant* and *vaſt Offence*.

CITY.

Now, to the *City*, if you turn your *Eye*,
What dreadful Miſchiefs will you there, deſcry?
Not all the *Horrours* of the ſavage *Wood*,
The Pois'nous *Inſects*, or the ravenous *Brood*
Afford ſuch *Monſters*, as you, *there* will meet,
In the tumultuous Hurry of the *Street*.

GLADIATORS.

See! *There*, the *Gladiators* mount the Stage,
To ſlay each other with affected *Rage*,
And feaſt the *People* with the diſmal Sight,
Where *Man* is ſacrific'd to *Man*'s Delight.
The Slaves are pamper'd with luxurious *Food*,
To fill their *Nerves* with *Strength*, their *Veins* with *Blood*:

Vaſt *Leaves* of Fat diſtend each ſtrutting Side,
And *Rolls* of brawny *Fleſh*, the *Back* divide;
Slick are their *Bodies* with expenſive *Care*,
That, ſtill, their *Slaughter* may become more *dear*,
And, whilſt their *Limbs* are, *thus*, with *Juices* ſtrong,
Their *Deaths* may be more exquiſitely *long*!

Nor would this *Show*, Mens Expectations fill,
Were they not practis'd in the brutal Skill,
With dext'rous Slight and Stratagems to *kill*.
Death is a *Science*, and the greateſt Praiſe
Is due to *Him* who *Kills* with greateſt *Grace*;
And publick *Murders* are not only ſeen,
But *Art* is added to compleat the *Sin*.

Thus fed to *Slaughter*, and thus form'd by *Art*,
The *Wretches* mount to act the *Tragick* Part!
The *Mob* attends them with a *Grim* Delight,
Applauds each *Blow*, and *eggs* them on to fight.

Till

Till, *gor'd* with *Wounds*, the gaſping *Vanquiſh'd* dies,
To glut the *Longings* of inſatiate Eyes.

But *Theſe* are *Vaſſals* of ignoble *Birth*,
Bred up in *Slavery*, and doom'd to *Death*:
But, what, *Donatus*, can of *thoſe* be ſaid,
Who, born to *Honours*, and in *Plenty* bred,
Not *urg'd* by *Want*, or *ſentenc'd* for ſome *Crime*,
But *Youthful*, *Opulent*, and in their *Prime*,
Yet, vainly *bold*, and laviſh of their *Breath*,
Amidſt the *Lyons* court a certain *Death*.

The DEN.

All richly dreſs'd, the gawdy *Youths* ſtep out,
With *Pride* inflam'd, and *arrogantly* ſtout,
Invade the *Savage* in his horrid *Cave*;
No *Strength* to conquer! and no *Hopes* to ſave!

The *Son*'s in *Danger*, and the *Sire* ſtands by,
T' approve his *Courage*, and the *Breed* to try;
And the *bold Siſter* ſees her *Brother* die.

Nay,

Nay, that his *Fate* more ſolemn may appear
The *Mother*'s ſeated in the *Theatre*,
To grace his *Exit* with an impious *Tear*;
And yet (*Unnatural*! and vile *Diſgrace*!)
She *buys* a *Ticket* to ſecure a *Place*;
Forgets both *Human* and *Maternal* Ties,
And, while *ſhe* thus attends his *Obſequies*,
Thinks *ſhe* commits no *Murder* with her *Eyes*,

The STAGE.

Now, from theſe *Scenes* of *Slaughter*, *Blood* and *War*,
If you ſurvey the *Tragick Theatre*;
No leſs *Contagions* you will find to blame,
The ſame the *Horrour* and the *Guilt* the ſame,
At once, to move your *Anger* and your *Shame*.

TRAGEDIES.

The skill'd *Tragedians*, in labour'd *Verſe*,
The *Villanies* of *Ages* paſt rehearſe;
And, leſt the *Horrour* of remoteſt *Crimes*
Should be forgotten in ſucceeding Times,

They rake into the *Filth* of ev'ry Age,
And bring their very *Incests* on the *Stage*.
Murder and *Parricides* so well they act,
You'd think your self e'en *Witness* to the Fact.
The *Force* of *Action*, and the Charms of *Speech*,
With so much *Energy* the Senses reach,
That Men are mov'd (whilst *they* the Deeds relate)
Once more, what has been done, to perpetrate.
No Length of *Years* a *Villany* can screen
From the lewd Searches of the vicious *Scene*;
But *Crimes*, which, *long*, in dark *Oblivion* lay,
Are now, for our *Example*, brought to *Day*;
And fleeting *Time* (that in his Shades conceals
The *Shame* of *Ages* past) now, at his *Heels*,
Is forc'd to drag a *Chain* of long repeated *Ills*.

COMEDIES.

Nor will you, less, condemn the *Mimick*'s Art,
When he steps forth to *Play* his wanton *Part*.
Hither the *Rake*, the *Beaus* and *Bullies* come,
Either to hear, what they have done at Home,

Or

Or else to be instructed in the *Skill*,
To exercise some new invented *Ill*.
Here, the *Contagion* of *Adultery*
Infects the *Heart*, thro' the deluded *Eye*,
And easy *Dames* (seduced by the *Stage*,
And lewd *Examples* of an impious Age)
Are fill'd with *Passion*, and with *Fury* burn;
Tho' *chaste* they came, *corrupted* they return.

EUNUCHS

What Growth of *Vice*! What Nourishment of *Sin*!
What strictest Morals can, without a *Stain*,
Amidst th' Inticements of the *Stage* remain?
Where Men themselves, with painful *Shame*, disgrace
Both human *Laws*, and *Nature*'s Rules trangress,
To gain a *Beardless* and *Effeminate Face*.
The vig'rous Graces of the Manly *Look*,
Into a tender Female *Air* are broke;

And *Him* (who *moſt* from *Manhood* can deſcend)
The pleaſed *Auditors* do moſt commend;
The *low'r* he ſinks, his Praiſe *advanceth* ſtill;
And, by his *Impudence*, they judge his *Skill*.
When, to ſuch *Softneſs*, Man himſelf degrades,
He moves the *Paſſions*, and the *Will* perſwades;
Thro' ev'ry Senſe he ſteals with ſubtle Art,
And forceth all the Out-works of the Heart;
Whilſt the *Connivance* of th' applauding *Town*
Gilds o'er the *Pill*, and ſends it glibly down.

Impiety of the STAGE.

The GODS, at laſt, are brought to crown the *Farce*,
Their wanton *Venus*, and adult'rous *Mars*;
Nay, JOVE himſelf, their darling GOD, is ſhewn,
More, by his *Vices* than his *Empire*, known:
With *Thunder* arm'd, and *Lightning* in his Hands,
HE, meanly, to terreſtrial *Love* deſcends;
To gain his *Luſts*, ſometimes he quits his Pow'r,
And dwindles to a Swan, or Golden Show'r;

Or elſe, his *Eagles*, with a ſordid Flight,
Deſcend to lodge him with ſome *Catamite*.

Sad the Condition of ſuch Wretches, when
The Gods are brought t' adminiſter to *Sin!*
How is it poſſible that Men can be,
From *Vice* exempted, or from *Paſſions* free,
Who think themſelves oblig'd, on *Duty*'s Score,
To imitate the *Godheads* they adore?

PRIVATE INCESTS.

But oh! *Donatus*, from this lofty *Height*,
Into their *Cloſets* could you force your Sight;
And, from their *Doors*, the conſcious *Hinges* wreſt,
To bring their Covert *Wickedneſs* to Teſt,
There you would ſee, committed in the *Cell*
What even *Impudence* forbids to tell;
Without Remorſe, and infamouſly bold,
They act what, ev'n, is ſinful to behold;
And, tho' the Fact, in Publick, they deny,
Yet, ſhameleſs, to the ſame Offences fly.

Nay,

Nay, what is worſe (nor do I judge amiſs)
So are they *hard* and profligate in *Vice*!
That, each his Neighbour with Reproaches hits,
Whilſt he, *himſelf*, the very Crime commits;
If, from the Publick, they their Sins conceal,
They think themſelves acquitted of the Ill;
Laugh at the *Stingings* of a *Self-Reproof*,
As if that Plague, *alone*, were not enough.

What frontleſs Impudence, to damn that Fact,
Which without Scruple, they in private Act?
Nor think they ſtand, by ſuch a mean *Pretence*,
Againſt themſelves, both *Judge* and *Evidence*.

COURTS of JUSTICE.

Now, from the Proſpect of the Plagues of *War*,
And the Contagions of the *Theatre*,
The noiſy *City*, and its diſmal Views,
Of publick *Murders*, and of private *Stews*,
Fain would I eaſe the *Labours* of your Sight,
And lead you to ſome Proſpect of *Delight*.

And, ſure, you may, at *leaſt*, expect to ſee
The *Courts* of *Juſtice* from Corruption free;
Untainted with the *Stains* of publick Crimes,
Nor hurry'd down the Current of the Times.
But *thence*, alas! your weeping Eyes you'll turn,
And the ſad Want of *Exil'd* JUSTICE mourn.

Tho' cut on *Marble*, and in *Braſs* enrac'd,
Before their Eyes, the fix'd *Decrees* are plac'd,
Yet the twelve *Tables*, nor the ſettl'd Law,
Direct the *Judges*, or their *Sentence* awe.
But *Innocence*, ev'n *there*, is moſt oppreſs'd,
Where *moſt* it ſhould expect to be redreſs'd.

With *Jars* concerted wrangling *Pleaders* bawl,
And ſeeming *Anger* fills the ſounding *Hall*,
Whilſt Favour to the rich Offender's ſold,
And Want of *Innocence*, is Want of *Gold*.
In grim Array, all round, the Lictors ſtand,
And Tortures menace Death on ev'ry Hand;

Racks,

Racks, Halters, Gibbets, ready to fulfill
The Juror's Malice, or the Judge's Will.

Amidſt theſe Terrours, what Relief is ſeen?
What *Friend* to aid, what *Patron* to ſubvene?
The *Lawyer*? —— He prevaricates for Gold:
The *Judge*? —— His Sentence is already ſold;
To curb *Offenders* on the Bench *He* ſits,
Yet, the ſame Crimes, he ſhould condemn, admits;
And, that the *Guiltleſs* may *unjuſtly* fall,
The Judge *himſelf* becomes a Criminal.

Thro' ev'ry *Court* the flagrant Malice ſpreads,
And Villanies employ deſigning Heads;
Improbity and Vice the Boſom ſtain,
And pois'nous Rancour runs thro' ev'ry Vein.

There, in his Cauſe, unjuſtly one ſucceeds,
By *perjur'd* Witneſſes to ſpurious Deeds:

Here,

Here a falſe *Title* to Poſſeſſion ſteals,
By lawleſs Entries, or by forged Wills;
And whilſt proud Aliens revel in their Stead,
The Friendleſs Heirs are ſent to Strole for Bread.

Expos'd to Obloquie, there *Juſtice* ſtands,
Reproach'd by Foes, and deſtitute of Friends:
Defam'd by *Envy*, and by perjur'd Tools,
A Prey to Malice, and a Scorn to Fools;
And, whilſt her *Cauſe* is, thus, betray'd by Tongues,
Conduc'd to ſwear, and proſtitute to Wrongs,
A mercenary Sentence ſways the *Scales*,
And bold Malignity 'gainſt *Right* prevails.

Thus all thoſe *Honours*, which our Laws did boaſt,
In Bribes, and inſolent Contempt are loſt;
And no Man dreads to perpetrate a Vice,
If he is able to depoſe the *Price*.

Amidſt the *Bad*, he ſins, who dar's amend,
And, not to Imitate, is to Offend.
The Bench connives, whilſt Cuſtom leads the Will,
And what is *Publick*, ceaſeth to be *ILL*.

But leſt you think induſtriouſly I find
Objects t' offend your Eyes, and vex your Mind,
I'll now conduct you to thoſe gawdy *Toys*,
Which Men miſtake for their ſupremeſt *Joys*.

PRIDE and AMBITION.

To Rule the *City*, and Command the *Field*,
Are ſpecious Bubbles, with vain Honours ſwell'd;
The Luſt of *Empire*, and unbounded *Rule*,
Engage the buſie, proud, ambitious *Fool*:
Increaſe of *Riches* fills the tortur'd Brains
Of heavy Magiſtrates in Golden Chains.
Pride, *Wealth*, and *Pow'r* invite to their Embrace,
With painted Forehead, and a ſmiling Face,

But ſtrip each *Flatt'rer* of its borrow'd Airs,
And a diſeas'd, corrupted *Jilt* appears.
So *Poiſon*, when in Golden Veſſels plac'd,
With *Colour* feign'd, and medicated *Taſte*,
The grateful *Flavour*, and the glitt'ring *Cup*,
To heedleſs Mortals recommend the *Sup*;
But when the ſeeming *Cordial* is down,
Thro' ev'ry Vein the ſecret Rancours run.

See, there, a *Wretch*, in coſtly Purple dreſt,
Seems, to himſelf, to ſhine above the reſt;
But e'er he came this pompous *Show* to make,
What ſordid Drudg'ries did he undertake?
How many watchful Mornings did he wait,
At ſome great *Fav'rite* Stateſman's crowded Gate?
With fawning *Geſtures*, and a cringing *Bow*,
To court a haughty ſupercilious *Brow*?
With what unmanly *Patience* did he brook
His inſolent and contumelious *Look*?

And when, abroad, his *Patron* did appear,
On publick Buſineſs, or to take the *Air*,
How did the Sycophant before him fly,
To point his *Footſteps*, or to catch his *Eye*?
Wedg'd up in Crowds, how did he toil and ſweat,
That, in his Turn, when *Fortune* made him *Great*,
He might, himſelf, one Day, enjoy the Pride,
Behind a *Crowd* of whiffling *Slaves* to ride?
Slaves! that his *Office*, and not *Him*, adore,
And *only* are obnoxious to his *Pow'r*,
And where the *Mace*, or Golden *Scepters* tend,
Not to the *Man*, but to the *Badges* bend.

But, when the Breath of Popular Applauſe,
From the diſgrac'd, abandon'd THING, withdraws
The giddy *BUBBLE*, from its lofty Sphere,
With noiſleſs *Burſt*, is ſcatter'd into Air.
Deſpis'd, degraded, and without a Friend,
No *Slaves* t' applaud, no *Servants* to attend,
Alone he wanders, and bemoans his his End.

The

Then the poor Wretch reflects a conſcious *Eye*,
And views the *Ruins* of his Family;
His *Jewels* pawn'd, and mortgag'd *Lands* deplores,
And ſighs, *unpity'd*, for exhauſted *Stores*.
Stores vainly laviſh'd, only to careſs,
The fickle *Voices* of the *Populace*!

What ſtrange Ambition! thus, himſelf to rob,
To court, by Feaſts and Shews, the faithleſs *Mob*!
The very *Means* th' expected *End* deſtroys,
And neither *Side* the Benefit enjoys;
For, whilſt the *Candidate* profuſely gives,
What the gull'd *Voter*, without Gain, receives;
Both are deluded with the fruitleſs *Coſt*,
And all the *Honours*, in th' *Expence*, are loſt.

COVETOUSNESS.

See, there, a *Miſer*, with inſatiate Luſt,
Purſuing *Wealth*, and periſhable *Duſt*.
The *Poor* oppreſs'd, he from his Confines ſends,
And, all around, his boundleſs Lands extends:

Where

Where, neither *Fraud*, nor *Argument* prevails,
His Pow'r *uſurps*, and Tyranny *compels*;
Parks to a *Chace* are turn'd, the *Chace* to a *Foreſt*
ſwells,
Heaps upon *Heaps*, of hoarded Wealth are roll'd;
The lab'ring *Beams* can, ſcarce the *Stores* uphold,
And conſcious *Cellars* ſweat with hidden *Gold*.

And yet, amidſt this Affluence of Store,
The wealthy *Wretch* is miſerably *Poor*:
His tortur'd Mind, oppreſs'd with anxious Care,
Still thinks a *Robber* or ſome *Thief* is near;
A thouſand *Jealouſies* his Soul moleſt,
Leſt, ſome more *pow'rful*, ſhould his Lands inveſt,
Or ſome, more *rich*, his Titles ſhould diſpute,
And force him to a long vexatious *Suit*.
No *Joy* his Heart, at *Bed* or *Table*, greets,
He *dreams* with *Horrour*, and in *Fear* he *eats*;
And, when, from *Meals*, his marcid *Careaſs* goes,
To court *Retirement* for a ſhort *Repoſe*,

Tho'

Tho' ſofteſt *Pillows* do his *Head* aſſume,
And fold it gently in their yielding *Plume*,
He wakes in *Down*, and ev'n the *Bed* denies
Eaſe to his *Mind*, or Slumbers to his *Eyes*:
Dark, ghaſtly *Phantoms* haunt his anxious *Soul*,
And heavy *Moments*, round his reſtleſs *Temples*
Roll.

Nor does the *Miſer*, all this while, perceive,
That he, to ſpecious Fetters, is a *Slave*.
The *more* he has, he ſtill enjoys the *leſs*,
He does not *Gold*, but *Gold* does him poſſeſs.
And, Oh deteſtable abandon'd Fool!
Such is the Blindneſs of the wretched Tool!
Tho' ready *Ways*, before his Eyes are ſet,
To eaſe his *Shoulders* of the galling *Weight*,
Yet he purſues the rugged dreery *Road*,
Moils in the *Mire*, and aggravates his *Load*.

The

The waiting *Client*, and the craving *Poor*
Are, *unrewarded*, baniſh'd from his Door;
The Cries of *Orphans*, and the *Widows* Tears,
Can neither move his *Eyes*, nor reach his *Ears*;
To Goodneſs blind, the pertinacious Brute,
Is deaf to Clamours, and to Pray'rs is mute;
And ſuch ſtrong *Locks* his uſeleſs Treaſures bind,
To which, no *Key*, ev'n *Charity* can find:
Nay, what is worſe, the *Wretch* denies his *Pelf*,
To *Friends*, his *Children*, and his *very* Self.
And yet, by ſtrange prepoſterous *Abuſe*,
He call that *his*, of which he has no Uſe!
And only ſeems to keep it in his *Cheſt*,
Leſt, by *another*, it ſhould be poſſeſs'd.

By what Propriety, O Name of GOOD!
Should'ſt *THOU*, of *hoarded* Wealth be underſtood,
Which, to no Purpoſe, does the *Coffers* fill,
Unleſs to be imploy'd in doing Ill!

CROWN'D HEADS.

But you, perhaps, may reckon *thoſe* ſecure,
Who ſhine on *Thrones*, and ſwell with *Regal* Pow'r;
Whoſe *vaſt* Dominions, all around, extend,
And trembling *Slaves* before their *Scepters* bend:
On Crimſon *Beds* in gilded *Rooms* they ſleep,
And doubl'd *Guards* the ſilent Entries keep;
But there, ev'n *there*! wild Diſcontents appear;
And, as they're dreaded *more*, the *more* they fear.
Exceſs of *Empire* does it *ſelf* defeat,
And 'tis a *Plague* to be too *vaſtly* great.
The gawled Prince can ſcarce the Load withſtand;
He ſhrinks, unequal to the *huge* Command,
And drops th' unweildy *Scepter* from his Hand.
But *Faction* (if the *Fabrick* does not fall
With its own *Weight*) will undermine the Wall.
For tho' his *Throne* is fenc'd with armed Bands,
And, on each Side, a Crowd of Fav'rites ſtands;

Yet *Arms*, nor *Fav'rites*, can his *Fears* remove,
Unleſs he's guarded by his Subjects *Love*:
Too ſtrict a *Rein*, and too ſevere a *Rod*,
Oft' force the *People* to reject the *Load*;
And when dire Counſels once miſlead the Prince,
He grows a *Tyrant* in his own Defence;
He *ſmiles* to *puniſh*, *flatters* to *deceive*,
Kills with a *Kiſs*, and *Raiſeth* to *Enſlave*.

What vile Perverſeneſs of Deſpotick *Will*,
When *Empire* joins in Fellowſhip with *ILL*;
And, as the Funds of *Pow'r* increaſe in Gain,
T' exact a larger *Uſury* of Pain.

Thus, O *DONATUS*, we can, no where, find
A Laſting, Firm Tranquility of Mind;
Unleſs we *ſtem* the World's tempeſtuous Rage,
Avoid the *Syrens* of a fawning Age,
And force our *Paſſage*, with a ſteady *Oar*,
To *Moor* our Veſſels to the ſacred *Shore*;

Whe

Where ſafely harbour'd, free from *Guſts*, we ride,
And ſcorn the *Surges* of the *Rolling Tide*.

Then will the *Soul* on Wings of *Grace* ariſe,
Approach to GOD, and hover in the Skies.
Our Droſs refin'd, above the *Sun* we climb,
Are all *Seraphick*, and are all *Sublime*;
Raptures of *Bliſs* poſſeſs the joyous Mind,
No human Appetites, Acceſs can find,
In vain they try to ſoar, and, *heavy*, lag behind.
When, thus, above the ſordid *Earth* we riſe,
We hate its Follies, and its Pow'rs deſpiſe;
And, *thence*, with Joy and Pity mix'd, ſurvey
The reſtleſs Vanities of Worldly *Sway*.
Then, all thoſe *Toys*, that furniſh Man's Delight,
Wealth, *Titles*, *Pow'r*, from that exalted Height,
Will *Little*, *Little*, ſeem, and dwindle to the Sight.

What happy Safeguard is it, *thus*, to be,
From ſlaviſh Fetters and Engagements free?

Our Souls enlighten'd, *then*, begin to know
The baſe Devices of a ſubtle Foe;
We ſee the Perils which we 'ſcap'd ſo late,
And bleſs the Quiet of our preſent State;
Intrench'd in *Hope*, all Dangers we out-brave,
And, ſuch our Faith! we need but *Ask* and *Have*:
Celeſtial *Guards* aſſume us to their *Care*,
Perennial *Peace*, and lovely *Days* appear,
And we ſecurely reſt behind our new BARRIER.
Nor are theſe *Gifts*, like worldly Honours, gain'd,
By *Gold* acquired, or by *Force* obtain'd;
Unbrib'd the *voluntary Bliſs* is ſent,
And flowing *Bounties* ev'n our *Wiſh* prevent.
Not from their *Springs* the Chriſtal Waters flow,
Nor teeming *Clouds* their falling Show'rs beſtow,
Nor does the *Sun*, ſo willingly diſplay,
His golden Streamers to diffuſe the Day,
Than does th' *Almighty*, of his own Accord,
The ready *Treaſures* of his *Grace* afford.

Whe

When, thus inliſted, in the *Rolls* you ſtand,
And take your *Station* in the ſacred *Band*,
Let a ſtrict *Diſcipline* you Conduct ſway,
To *Action* prompt, and paſſive to *obey*,
In conſtant Pray'rs your *Exerciſe* acquit,
And fetch Inſtructions from the ſacred *Writ*.

When you, the *Godhead*, your Companion make,
Then HE to You, and You to HIM will ſpeak:
No Chance of Fortune e'er can make *him* Poor
Whom GOD enricheth with his Heav'nly *Store*:
If, in your *Boſom*, HE vouchſafes to dwell,
And fix his *Altar* in that humble *Cell*,
Then *Beams* embow'd, and *Roofs* diſtinct with Gold,
And *Walls* encruſted in a Marble *Mold*,
Will ſordid look, whilſt all your *Care*'s inclin'd
T' adorn the *Soul*, and beautify the *Mind*.

With

With *Paint* of Innocence decore that *Shrine*,
Thro' ev'ry *Room*, let Beams of Juſtice ſhine,
And the fair Edifice no Hurt can feel,
From greedy Time, nor the devouring *Steel*,
No gnawing *Ruſt* nor *Canker* can make fall
The *Gild* and *Painting* from the mouldring *Wall* ;
Which knows no Change, but on Improvement's Side,
When 'tis exalted to be *Glorify'd*.

But, This in ſhort --- For tho' thy Watchful Ear
Would, all Day long, ſuch holy *Leſſons* hear ;
Tho' all thy *Soul*, divinely fixt, does bring,
A deep *Attention* whilſt of GOD I ſing ;
Yet I, *DONATUS*, muſt ſome Reſpite lend,
To unſtring thy *Patience*, and thy *Mind* unbend.
And ſince this *TIDE*, is ſacred made to *Reſt*,
And the cool *Evening* calls us to the *Feaſt*,
Let not one Moment of the *Day* be free
From pious *Mirth*, and gay *Sobriety*.

Come —— entertain us with thy wonted *Mood*,
Thy *Voice* is tuneful, and thy *Mem'ry*'s Good:
Let the glad *Supper*, with thy *Pſalms* rebound,
Whilſt *We* admiring, circle *Thee* around,
Reſt on thy mellow *Lips*, and feaſt upon the *Sound*.

FINIS.